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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1907.

The things that are really for three gravitate to three, and need not be pursued with pains and cost—Emerson.

THE FARMERS WIN.

The tobacco planters of Kentucky have won a glorious victory, in which The Times-Dispatch has great joy.

For many years they battled single-handed with the Tobacco Trust, but were forced to take such prices as the trust might see fit to pay for their tobacco. Finally, they combined and formed the American Society of Equity. By combining they were able to pool their product and hold it. But the trust would not buy, and they still have large stocks on hand. In the meantime the agents of the trust went out among the independent farmers and endeavored to buy up the new crop for future delivery. This would have left the farmers' combine in a most embarrassing situation, and would have meant ruin to many a planter whose old stock had been pooled.

But after a prolonged struggle a deal was consummated at Henderson by which the Imperial Tobacco Company purchased the entire 1907 tobacco crop pledged to the American Society of Equity in Henderson, Union, Webster, Hopkins and Crittenden counties. The deal involves 16,000,000 pounds of tobacco, and will bring \$1,500,000 of English money. The farmers named the price and the Imperial agreed to pay it. This should show the tobacco planters of Virginia and North Carolina what organization will do. We do not commit The Times-Dispatch to all the methods employed by the Kentucky organization, but the farmers have a right to get together for their mutual protection and the advancement of their interests. The Virginia and North Carolina planters have already organized, and if they will be firm and fair, they will win out. They have the good wishes of The Times-Dispatch, and will have its aid, so long as they deal justly.

FAME.

"He doesn't know yet that he is to awaken this morning and find himself famous, but that is his portion."

A reporter on the New York American wrote these words at about 1 o'clock on Thursday morning. They had to do with a young man who was probably at the moment fast asleep somewhere uptown. What he had done to earn them may be best indicated by another of the reporter's sentences: "This is the first time in the history of the theatrical business that a male star has been created overnight."

The Times-Dispatch is not especially eager to hand free advertising to the theatrical trust, but there is no great harm in mentioning names. Mr. Wallace Beery was an obscure understudy to an actor of reputation and ability. Raymond Hitchcock. Up to 2 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon last it might be said that nobody had ever so much as heard his name. Some time on Wednesday his principal, Hitchcock, wanted by the police on grave criminal charges, vanished to parts unknown. The hour for the matinee performance came round, and Hitchcock was not there. It became a case of dismissing the audience or of giving unknown Mr. Beery a chance. The management decided on the latter, but reluctantly. "Without Hitchcock we'll close," they agreed, and it was resolved to take the play off the boards at the close of the night's performance.

That resolution was never carried into effect. At 10 o'clock that night, when Mr. Beery had delighted two audiences, the management conferred again. This time they resolved to complete their season with the hitherto unknown young man in the title role. Then they fixed it so that they would not be unknown any more. Hitchcock's name came down from the front of the theatre. The name of Beery replaced it in electric-lighted letters a foot high. Everything that that act signified went with it. The advertisements, which speak proudly of "the biggest instantaneous individual hit in the stage history of New York," reflect the same plain fact. Mr. Beery had become "a new Broadway star." One more young man had been lifted from obscurity to fame in the wink of an eye.

Making a hit in musical comedy is not the biggest thing in the world, but this little story is illustrative. Fame is not always a slowcoach which backs up to the door a few minutes in advance of the hearer. She can

move with the wings of the wind sometimes. The noisy congratulations and the big electric-light letters are always waiting, instantly ready for the man who can make good brilliantly.

REFORM THAT NEVER COMES.

The New York Journal of Commerce of yesterday contains an editorial article on the currency system which is in direct line with the article of same date appearing in The Times-Dispatch. But the New York paper goes further in its comments on Secretary Cortelyou's call upon the national banks to take out more circulation, and denounces it as an inflation measure. "We regard this as a pernicious scheme," says the Journal of Commerce. "It will not increase the volume of real money or strengthen the reserves of banks, for bank notes are not money." It declares, as was pointed out in The Times-Dispatch's publication, that these notes cannot be lawfully used in reserves, and that they are an expansion of credit, which is already too much expanded for the basis of reserve upon which it rests. "In this resort to currency inflation to relieve stringency in the money market," concludes our contemporary, "there is a serious danger, for that stringency is not due to lack of currency, but to causes requiring an entirely different remedy."

This unhappy condition is due to government meddling with the affairs of business. It enters into a sort of co-partnership with the banks, as a result of which we have a mongrel system which is neither one thing nor the other. The remedy is to be found in complete separation. Let the government attend to its functions and the banks to theirs, and the problem will be solved.

It is generally agreed among students of finance that our present system is grossly defective, and that radical reform is necessary. But while various plans have been proposed, none that is entirely acceptable has yet been devised. And so Congress goes on from time to time and does nothing. Whenever there is a money pinch there is a universal cry for a new system; when the crisis is passed the people get too busy to think about legislation, and the subject is dropped. We deal with the currency question as we deal with the question of road improvement. When the roads are knee-deep in mud they cannot be worked; when they are dry they are passable. Our philosophy is of a kind with that of the man whose house had a leaky roof. When the rain was pouring he couldn't mend it; when the sun shone the roof didn't leak. How long can we prosper under such a policy?

RICHMOND'S STRONG BANKS.

During the past two weeks, when a currency stringency has been acutely felt in many sections, the Richmond banks have been able to supply their customers with all the money necessary for the pay rolls.

In Oklahoma and Oregon, for example, legal holidays were declared and the banks thereby closed by operation of law, while in Birmingham, according to yesterday's Times-Dispatch, the large industries had to meet their pay rolls by checks drawn on New York. In Richmond, however, the situation is utterly different, and the banks are acting splendidly. Every depositor has secured the money necessary to meet his pay rolls, and the business of the city has continued unimpeded. To cite one instance, the Locomotive Works drew out and paid to its men \$27,000 this week. All that money goes into circulation here, and the commerce of Richmond merchants, bankers, bondholders, does not receive even a momentary check.

Such conduct on the part of Richmond's banking institutions justly inspires confidence and adds incalculably to the wealth and good name of this city as a strong and conservatively managed financial centre.

No matter how the stockholders may be sharing, the Commonwealth of Virginia seems to be getting a very comfortable income from the steam and electric roads within her borders. By the assessment just announced from the office of the Corporation Commission the total tax to be derived in 1907 from the steam roads will be \$729,666.13, an increase over last year of \$54,265.82. From the electric roads the tax will be \$65,274.69, an increase of \$5,105.56. The increase from the other transportation and transmission companies will be \$6,722.41, making a total increase of nearly \$70,000. Virginia will be in fine position next year to improve her schools, her public roads and her asylums for the insane. But in these flush times she should also set aside a generous allowance for the retirement of her outstanding bonds.

The Progress says that the money pinch has not pinched Amherst, and that this has been a year of unusual prosperity to the people of the county. The great activity in the sale of land is cited as one indication of flush times, the number of transfers for the year having broken the record. Dollar wheat helps the farmer's bank account, however hard it may be on the city man, and, on the whole, our contemporary thinks that Amherst has no right to complain. Not a bit of it. This is the harvest season for the farmer, in a figurative as well as in a literal sense. He doesn't know how well off he is. But does any of us know? Certainly not, so long as we think only of the better times of other days, or compare his lot with that of those who are seemingly more prosperous than he. Hang a man any way; there's no such thing as satisfying him.

Mr. Roy E. Cabell is an accomplished gentleman and a first-rate postmaster. It is a distinction well deserved that he should have been selected to be the first president of the Virginia Association of Presidential Postmasters.

Mr. Harriman says that the best

time to buy Union Pacific is "between 10 and 3." This tip is given here exclusively for the benefit of Times-Dispatch readers. Those who make money by it can send ours by check or currency, as preferred.

More gentlemen in Royal Richmond are now removing winter overcoats from their wardrobes, and are beginning to have new velvet collars put on them for cash than there are ear-petters in Ghouliah Gotham and Hurricaney Houston combined.

A Missouri woman wants \$10,000 for a stolen kiss. If it was worth that money to kiss a Missouri woman, we have no hesitation in fixing \$854,000 and up as a fair assessment for a salute pilfered from one of the incomparable maidens of Royal Richmond.

George Hinzpeter, former tutor of Kaiser Wilhelm, celebrated his eightieth birthday the other day. If George lives another decade or so he may yet know as much as Wilhelm. Then he will know all there is.

Editor Rhodes, of the Birmingham News, having succeeded in making Birmingham a dry town, will doubtless have the help of John Temple Graves in finding a good berth outside the teetotal zone.

King Leopold has offered \$30,000 for a remedy for the sleeping-sickness. It is understood that, having got it, he will at once copyright the formula and open a large sales-agency in Philadelphia (Pa.).

A scientist just back from the Andes announces that he has taken over 7,000 photographs of Mars. This seems to put Mars second to Evelyn for the championship.

If, as a Danville contemporary remarked, the Democratic party is running itself, we have some curiosity to know who it is the Republican party is running.

The Japs have ordered 365 locomotives from America, which will permit them to smash up one every day next year, barring February 28th.

Gold, according to Dr. A. Maudet, of Paris, is very valuable as a medicine. Ex-husbands all over the world will sadly indorse the doc's assertion.

One difference between Colonel Henry Waterson and Mr. Charles W. Fairbanks is that the colonel knows that he is out of politics.

Fewer editorials entitled "The Situation" are being written in Richmond than in any city of its size and weight in the world.

If Methusalem did not live to be 969 years old, he has only himself to blame. When did he have to dodge a willz-wagon?

Also the name, George B. Cortelyou, would go rather neatly with the prefix Bank-President, don't you think?

There are 8,000,000 telephone girls in the world, though several million of them ought to be in the other one.

If the present quotations hold, it may be, for once in a century, a thanksgiving day for the turkeys.

However, this newfangled tainted money seems to steady a market about as well as the old kind.

After all, the main point is this: Is, or is not, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt a third-term boomer?

Maybe it is cost of living that has knocked the eye out of those nice young boomettes.

Oklahoma will give the flag of these United States one more prohibition wave.

Another Year of Jamestown? A movement is on foot to continue the Jamestown Exposition during 1908, and the Richmond Times-Dispatch is already committed to the scheme. The exposition is really very beautiful and instructive, but it is a temporary thing, and as it was completed only a few months ago it would seem to be little short of vandalism to destroy it in December. We are not at all in favor of government buildings and the State buildings would be allowed to remain, and there would be little difficulty about keeping the exhibits. Indeed, the probability is that the exhibits in 1908 would be larger and better than those of 1907. We think also that the attendance would be much larger another year. How many persons saw of the Mississippi river saw a great exposition? Not one in ten, we venture. In spite of the several expositions that have been held, there is no pride for the Jamestown Exposition of 1908, and we predict for it a great success.

It has not been decided yet what the dir ctors will do. There are many difficulties ahead for a venture like this, and it is to be doubted that it will be profitable. The exposition will have to close several weeks hence because of cold weather, and it would have to remain closed until next May. Then it would require a great deal of money to freshen the grounds, renew the exhibits and conduct the exposition. The money, of course, have to be supplied by the Virginians themselves, as it is not likely that with an unpaid loan of \$1,000,000 the government would assist the project any further.

No doubt the people of the South would be glad if the exposition could be opened next year, because the low rates which the railroads would put into effect during the summer. These rates would probably bring to the exposition many thousands who did not visit Jamestown this year. It is to be feared, however, that the exposition management may find trouble in obtaining the support of the railroads for a second year show.

If the Jamestown Exposition closes without the repayment of the government loan it is to be doubted that it will obtain aid from Congress for future expositions.—Houston Post.

Buying Tobacco Factories in Amelia County.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—Sir,—In your to-day's issue, in a special from Amelia, in regard to my buying two (2) little tobacco factories (or prizes)—one here and one at Chula, seven miles east of here—it is said: "This is thought to be a move to prevent the smoke from growing here by securing the only two factories available at present for the county."

I just bought these two (2) little plants as a matter of business, because my customers call on me for more tobacco than I can get laborers to work up here at one point in the county, and I must either ignore their calls or do some work away from Amelia Courthouse. I prefer to try the latter method of solving the question. I only wish to add that I have no objection at all to the Tobacco Association exercising their right to attend to their own business, and cannot say we are or should be enemies in business. They have done me no harm, so far as I know, nor do I know they have tried to harm me in business.

Neither can I see by what manner the writer of the above quoted statement tries to get the public to believe that I am trying to hamper the "Dark Tobacco Growers Association of Virginia." I am just trying to do the business I know, and I am not trying to waste a cent in fighting other people's business. They have right to do business.

I will thank you to publish this as soon as you can. I do not wish to be condemned when not guilty.

Respectfully,
JOHN J. ALLEN.

Rhymes for To-Day.

WELL, DID IT LOOK AT ALL LIKE THIS?

My uncle was a "malefactor of astounding wealth"—
 He had big gobs of money
 Which he'd "lurped in by" with a steady hand.
 Upon him did the President, oh, very often pounce,
 Had him investigated and indicted on nine counts—
 Oh, Roosevelt hated uncle—or at least we all thought so.
 Until there came a panic-day and uncle he got caught.

[Then, to our entire surprise, Roosevelt said:]

"Cortelyou—Howdodd!
 'Nother job for you!
 We'll nobly help that malefactor gorged with stolen wealth!
 Oh, we have got the cash—
 Take the night train you—and dash!"

That gent is not in business for his bloom'n, bloody health!"

Grandfather was a "plutocrat who robbed the orphan's nest."

"Successfully dishonest" and a "swollen millionaire!"

At least that's how the President described him in a speech, And shook his stick at grandpa and dog-dared him into reach.

Oh, Roosevelt hated grandpa—so at least we often said,
 Until that slump in Wall Street made poor grandpa sick-abed.

[But of course, we had to revise our opinion when, chancing to eavesdrop outside the Blue Room one night, we overheard the following remarks:]

"Cortelyou—It's up to you!
 You know what to do!
 (Who cares for business credit?) Pack a bag of gold and notes
 (ILL MAKE THEM KEEP THE LAW!!!!)

Sh! There isn't time to jaw—

Run help those malefactors 'I've been knocking for the votes!"

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

After the Boat Race.

Willie: "My boat was a miser."

Student Chorus: "How so, Willie?"

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 1316.

Domine, Quo Vadis?

"Lord, Whither Goest Thou?"

A LEGEND OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

By WILLIAM WATSON.

Darkening the azure roof of Nero's world,
 From smouldering Rome the smoke of ruin curled;
 And the fierce populace went clamoring—
 "These Christian dogs, 'tis they have done this thing!"
 So to the wild wolf fate were sacrificed
 The panting, huddled flock whose crime was Christ.

Now Peter lodged in Rome, and rose each morn
 Looking to be ere night in sunder torn
 By those blind hands that with imbecile zeal
 Burned the strong saints, or broke them on the wheel.
 Or flung them to the lions to make mirth
 For dames that ruled the lords that ruled the earth.
 And unto him, their towering rocky hold,
 In whose white fleece as yet no blood or foam
 Bore witness to the ravaging fangs of Rome.
 "More light, more cheap," they cried, "we hold our lives
 Than chaff the fall or dust the whirlwind drives:
 As chaff they are winnowed and as dust are blown;
 Nay, they are nought; but prices less in thine own.
 An offering steaming in stambles must thou die;
 We counsel, we entreat, we charge thee, fly!"
 And Peter answered: "Nay, my place is here;
 Through the dread storm, this ship of Christ I steer.
 Blind is the tempest, deaf the roaring tide,
 And I, His pilot, at the helm abide."

Then one stood forth, the flashing of whose soul
 Enraged his presence like an aureole.
 Baser he spake; his fellows, ere they heard,
 Caught from his eyes the swift and leaping word.
 "Let us, his vines, be in the wine-press trod,
 And poured a beverage for the lips of God;
 Or ground as wheat of harvest, or bodies yield.
 Behold, the Church hath other use for thee;
 Thy safety is her own, and thou must flee,
 Ours be the glory at her call to die.
 But quick and whole God needs His great ally."
 And Peter said: "Do lords of spear and shield
 Thus leave their hosts uncaptured in the field,
 And from some mount of prospect watch afar
 The havoc of the hurricane of war?
 Yet, if He wills it, . . . Nay, my task is plain—
 To serve, and to endure, and to remain.
 But weak I stand, and I beseech you all
 Urge me no more, lest at a touch I fall."

There knelt a noble youth at Peter's feet,
 And like a viol's strings his voice was sweet.
 A suppliant angel might have pleaded so.
 Crowned with the splendor of some stary woe.
 He said: "My sire and brethren yesterday
 The heathen did with ghastly torments slay.
 Pain, like a worm, beneath their feet they trod.
 Their souls went up like incense unto God.
 An offering richer yet, can Heaven require?
 O live, and be my brethren and my sire!"
 And Peter answered: "Son, there is small need
 That thou exhort me to the easier deed.
 Rather I would that thou and these had lent
 Strength to uphold, not shatter, my intent.
 Already my resolve is set, and I am free
 I pray thee, if thou love me, say no more."

And even as he spake, he went apart,
 Somewhat to hide the brimming of his heart.
 Wherein a voice came flitting to and fro,
 That now said "Tarry!" and anon said "Go!"
 And louder every moment "Go!" it cried,
 And "Tarry!" to a whisper sank, and died.
 And as a leaf when summer is o'erpast
 Hangs trembling ere it fall in some chance blast,
 So hung his trembling purpose and fell deed,
 And he arose, and hurried forth, and fled,
 Darkness convolving through the Chastel Gate,
 From all that heaven or love, that hell or hate,
 To the Campanian glimmering wide and still,
 And strove to think he did his Master's will.

But spectral eyes and mocking tongues pursued,
 And with vague hands he fought a phantom brood.
 Doubts, like a swarm of gnats, or hushes his flight,
 And "Tarry!" he prayed, "have I not done aright?
 Can I not, living, more avail for Thee
 Than wheeled in yon red storm of agony?
 The tempest, it shall pass, and I remain,
 Not from its fiery sickle saved in vain.
 Are there no seeds to sow, no desert lands
 Waiting the tillage of these eager hands?
 That I should beastlike 'neath the butcher fall,
 More fruitlessly than oxen from the stall?
 Is earth so careless, is men's hate so sweet,
 Are thorns so welcome unto sleepless feet,
 Have death and heaven so feeble lures, that I,
 Choosing to live, should win rebuke thereby?
 Not mine the dread of pain, the lust of bliss!
 Master who judgest, have I done amiss?"

Lo, on the darkness brake a wandering ray:
 A vision flashed about the Applan Way.
 Divinely in the pagan night it shone—
 A mournful Face—
 A figure haggard and dishevelled, frail and worn,
 A King of David's lineage, crowned with thorn.
 "Lord, whither farest?" Peter, wondering, cried.
 "To Rome," said Christ, "to be re-eructified."
 Into the night the vision bled his breath:
 And Peter turned, and rushed on Rome and death.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Oct. 11, 1905.

By W. B. MAXWELL.

Author of "The Ragged Messenger," "The Guarded Flame," Etc.

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Chapter I.—Continued.

"Pond of play, Mr. Crunden; very fond of a game of play," said Miss Blackburn. "But we must not complain."

"Stick to it, Lizzie," said papa impressively. "Stick to it, dear."

Lizzie at this period was already deep in the mysteries of the French language—an acquisition held in reverence by papa. When Lizzie recited morsels of French after supper Mrs. Price lifted her hands admiringly, and Mr. Crunden smiled, and continued to do so until the conversation flowed on again in English.

Mamma seemed a little shy of French—never wished to express a critical opinion. But Mr. Crunden, one night, possessing himself of the lesson book, silently and resolutely tackled the matter, and did not rest before he had committed some French to memory.

Henceforth, when he passed through the room where sat pupil and teacher, he would accost them facetiously: "Well, Lizzie, my dear, Co-ay! lar quizzineer! Co-ay! lar Shah? Co-ay! mong Shah-nore?"

His accent was lamentable, but he was understood both by Miss Blackburn and by Lizzie to be asking for news of the cook and the cat.

"Stick to it," and he would laugh heartily. "Stick to it, my little fairy. Among us we mean to make a lady of me, and as all the young misses in Hill Rise."

He laughed thus with Lizzie about French, but it seemed that he had no other things to say, and yet more sternly he would look at her.

It troubled her to think that father was troubled. It irked her, who was so happy, to feel by instinct unhappy thought in those she loved.

One day there came to her a sudden moment of fear that papa must be about to become what they called bankrupt. This, as already she had gathered, was an enigmatical but calamitous state into which builders were apt to fall.

As she appeared, to the best of builders what means are to be avoided of children—a thing not to be avoided by personal effort; a thing for which you could not properly be blamed. No such annoyance, however, threatened Mr. Crunden. Mamma and Mrs. Price once reassured her. Papa had never been more prosperous than at present.

Middle-aged, beaming, hard-working Mrs. Price was a cousin of the house, as well as its "quizzineer," and no secrets were hid from her. She was a valiant, modest creature, who was always ready to enter the room as sympathetic counsellor. No arrangement could be more convenient or comfortable.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Price, reassuring Lizzie, "your father is as safe as the Bank of England."

What worried papa was merely Dick, and public affairs. He was anxiously planning the career of his natural successor, R. Crunden, Jr., and he was much occupied and harassed by his duty to watch over the future welfare of the town of Medford.

"Your father," said loyal Mrs. Price, "is the wisest, long-headedest man on the Council, and they don't listen to what he says, as they ought to." He was Councillor Crunden—if you gave him his full title, Medford. With a solid stake in Medford, he had wished for a seat on the Town Council, had thought he could be useful at the municipal board, and had offered himself as an independent candidate to the burgesses of the town of Hill Ward. Now he had obtained his wish; a Councillor's chair was his to sit in, and he found himself quite useless.

No one would listen to him; he was constantly in opposition. Sometimes—as on the question of the new Town Hall—he was quite in the compact minority composed of Crunden.

The town felt that the time had come when it really must build itself a grand municipal palace. Since Mr. Crunden was a builder one might suppose that he would only anxiety would be to secure his building job and build the Town Hall himself. But not a bit of it. He derided the scheme, strenuously maintained that no building was necessary; these dingy old tumble-down rooms at the corner of Market Street were admirably fitted and altogether sufficient for the deliberations of the town fathers; it was folly, vain-glory, unworthy nonsense to burden the rates with large and avoidable outlay. Such narrow views were highly offensive to the dignity of his colleagues, and, oddly enough, proved unpopular with the ratepayers.

"I call that," said a rude and irate councillor in council assembled: "I call that talking like a hedgehog. Any hole may be good enough for some people, but it isn't good enough for us." This rude speech summed up public opinion. Mr. Crunden, walking home from the yard, soon had occasion to chase, or pretend to chase, a vulgar urchin who had mocked him and called him "Edge-og Crunden." If he were for himself, he would not doubt be heavily defeated. Indeed, it was possible that burgesses might request him to resign because he no longer represented their opinion correctly.

Mr. Crunden, walking through the streets and from his work, perhaps had better thoughts just now. His manner hardened; but he was, as he had always been, extraordinarily respectful in his attitude towards the gentry of the place. This deference was characteristic of him, and was a plain man, without pretensions—a successful worker, nothing more. In fact, as to garb and aspect, he seemed seeking to stand below his real station rather than above it. He wore, apparently, all seasons, the same gray suit, and the square black felt hat that was a compromise between a topper and a bow